

## CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

### I CAN'T NAG ALL THE TIME

Although Mollie did not speak of her mother to me and neither has Dick, I know they are both worrying about getting her settled after Mollie is married.

Dick does not dare broach the subject to me for fear I will absolutely refuse to have his mother with me—which I will.

Perhaps that is a sign that I do not love Dick enough, but I simply cannot be made utterly miserable by having someone always with me who gets on my nerves as does Mother Waverley.

Mollie, dear girl, will help out in any way she possibly can, but how to reconcile her mother to the best plan in the problem.

Mother Waverley's first inclination is to say "no" always, no matter what you suggest.

It is a sad commentary, little book, on the desires and hopes of femininity when an old woman must make herself undesirable and hopeless.

So many people pity an old man when the wife, who has lived with him so many years, dies. They say "Isn't it too bad that he is left; he was so dependent upon his wife; he will be so lonely" and yet I have never seen an old man who has seemed so miserable and who made those about him so unhappy as have many of the old women I have known.

An old woman does not seem to have anywhere to turn for comfort. She does not even have the solace of tobacco, she does not enjoy the newspapers and can seldom find any interest in reading. If she is not greatly engrossed in her church she usually turns to solitaire.

Of course, I am talking of the old women like Mother Waverley. Dear, dear, aunt Mary was never like that. She enjoyed life and we enjoyed her up to the very end. Mrs. Selwin also is more interesting to me than any young woman I know.

But both these women think, and thinking, they do not make the whole world and all the inhabitants thereof revolve around their little centered selves.

Mother Waverley is always unhappy, because she is always asking for love which, no matter how much her son and daughter try to deceive her into thinking they give her, she knows she does not get.

She thinks they ought to love her because she is their mother, and she will understand that we cannot love people for the good they have done, we may respect and remember kindnesses, but love—real love—must have something to feed upon, and a very gluttonous individual is that little God.

I wonder if a husband ever thinks of this?

You see, little book, that wherever I start I always get back to husbands, and by husbands, of course, I mean Dick.

I expect Dick is the average sort of a man who, having married, goes about his other business or amusement with the idea back in his brain that his wife at home will always love him for the way he made love in the long ago.

I am quite sure that if Dick thinks about it all, and it should dawn on him that I am the least unhappy he puts it down either to my health, my nerves or to the general foolishness of women.

Sometimes I think, little book, that I will take you and give you into his hands and for once let one husband see just what one wife thinks—and then I begin to tremble, for if I should do this and he was bored by the reading—if he did not understand that it was real—I think my heart would break.

You must not think, little book, because I tell all these things to you, that I am forever nagging Dick. We